

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BE FAIR

TO

THE CUBANS.

What is it that gives dignity to this war?

The fact that the great Republic has generously drawn the sword to succor an oppressed people.

Were it not for that fact our war on Spain would be but a powerful robber's foray.

It is as the friend of the Cubans that we are justified before the world in slaughtering Spain's soldiers, sinking Spain's ships and taking possession of Spain's territory. As the champion of freedom the position of the United States is noble.

Ignoble minds are prone to forget this. In the exultation of victory they betray a disposition to slight the people in whose behalf the conflict is waged. The Cubans are in danger of being thrust aside, scorned and insulted.

These Cubans are not meek men. They may be wanting in many of the outward and inward qualities which Americans deem desirable in patriots, but they are patriots nevertheless. They may thirst for vengeance upon the Spaniards with a fierceness that shocks armchair warriors and rear-guard statesmen, whose wives and children and kindred have not been outraged, starved and murdered.

The Cubans fought Spain for three years unaided with a courage and tenacity which forced the admiration of the American people. Remember that. An army of 200,000 men could not conquer them. Remember that.

Their ways are not our ways. Their blood is not our blood. Our civilization is not theirs, but they have by their courage proved their right to be free. Remember that.

The marines at Guantanamo learned their worth as fighters, and Garcia and his men bore their part in the sanguinary days before Santiago.

The Cuban flag should have been carried side by side with the Stars and Stripes into the captured city.

We owed that much to Garcia and to the cause which Garcia represents. Justice required it, propriety should have suggested it and policy demanded it.

It is time for President McKinley to remind our generals for what it is that we are battling in Cuba.

The enemies of the patriots are active in efforts to estrange American sympathy from them. These enemies are (1) the Spaniards in Cuba, who now, having nothing to gain by expressing hostility against the United States, seek to ingratiate themselves with the American conquerors by depreciating their late victims, the Cubans; and (2) the small Americans in this country—the same smug and soulless crowd that out of solicitude for the "business interests" (which have suffered no injury) raised their sordid voices against intervention, against action by this Republic in the name of liberty and humanity.

The Cubans are our proteges. Their cause is a sacred cause, and the island from which we are driving the Spaniards is theirs. Consideration, delicacy, good faith—all these the Cubans have a right to expect from their American allies.

This is a war of liberation, not a war of conquest.

DEWEY SAFE

AT

MANILA.

The arrival of the second expedition at Manila, bringing up our land force there to 6,000 men, makes Dewey master of the situation, whatever anybody else may do. The present intention seems to be to delay the attack on the city until the arrival of General Merritt, but if necessary the work could be done now. The Monterey apparently did not reach the harbor with the transports, but she is probably there by this time, and the Monadnock is not far behind.

It seems to be the fashion for American expeditions crossing the Pacific to pick up stray Spanish islands en route. The Charleston relieved the Spaniards of the Ladrone, and the second expedition is said to have left the Stars and Stripes flying over Wake Island. If the Spanish possessions hold out long enough all our soldiers can find innocent recreation in hauling down red and yellow flags on their way to more serious duties.

The Spaniards in Manila are evidently becoming discouraged. They would have been ready to surrender a month ago if they had not been buoyed up by the hope of German intervention, and of the arrival of reinforcements from Spain. Now that there is nothing more to look forward to in either of these directions, it may not take much pressure from Dewey to induce the discouraged defenders of the city to relieve themselves of the strain.

PLIGHT

OF AN ALIEN

LIBELLER.

The regulars cursed the men of the Seventy-first and called them cowards.

Hence, in the opinion of the World, it is not derogatory to the character or courage of the men of the Seventy-first to say that they were cursed and called cowards by their comrades on the field of battle.

And very likely the proprietor of the World does not see why anybody should mind a thing like that. He would not mind it himself.

Why does the World stay in this country? Nothing here suits it. Believing, as it does, that war is merely "a matter of money," it breathes with difficulty and dislike an atmosphere surcharged with ungodly patriotic sentiment. In its view the President of the United States is a scoundrel who uses the war for the benefit of favored contractors and for political advantage. Finally it has pleased the World to brand American soldiers as cowards—American soldiers who faced death and wounds with a gallantry that excited the admiration of their comrades of other regiments.

The World does Spain better service by publishing in New York than it would by publishing in Madrid, for here it can play the traitor, but Madrid is where the World belongs.

THE

STREET CAR

PROCESSION.

It is said that during the rush hours of the evening the Broadway cars are run on six seconds' headway, and that it is impossible to run them any closer together. A car every six seconds is indeed doing very well, but is it the common experience that this rate is maintained?

When this question arose the natural thing was to test it. It was seven minutes past six last evening—just in the middle of the great rush of the day. From the windows of the Journal's editorial rooms a car could be seen passing the corner of Park place and Broadway going up. Another followed in twenty-five seconds, a third in one minute and a quarter, a fourth in twenty seconds, a fifth in twenty-five, a sixth in fifty-seven, a seventh in eight, an eighth in ten, a ninth in thirteen, a tenth in thirty-seven and an eleventh in forty-eight. Then the count stopped.

Mr. Robert P. Porter, who says it would be easy to walk from one end of Broadway to the other on top of the cars, must be a person of remarkable muscular development.

Michael Davitt Applauds "The National Policy."

He says: "The policy would tend to make America the invincible guardian of the Western World."

"Build your navy equal to that of any other power on earth." He advises us to provide trained diplomats.



London, July 9.—Mr. Michael Davitt, whom I saw on the Terrace of the House of Commons, received me very cordially, a cordiality which he always shows to visitors from America. He bore prompt testimony to the virility of the New York Journal, and listened attentively to my explanation of the object with which I visited him. He was fascinated. All his instincts, which breathe admiration for the United States, were aroused, and he twice read the Journal's programme as we sat upon London's most exclusive boulevard. Mr. Davitt turned and spoke with glowing, enthused eyes.

"The policy which is thus outlined is broad, statesmanlike and essentially national. It seeks no foreign alliances which would entangle the Republic in the conflicts of Europe, but proposes a patriotic programme, which, if adopted, would tend to make America an invincible guardian of the Western world, and a virtual court of appeal for the oppressed peoples of monarch-ridden Europe.

"There is a want, however, left unmentioned in the list of the American equipment which her great and growing destiny demands. The Republic has no diplomats. Under the four years system of change peculiar to the Constitution, these trained watchdogs of political and commercial interests are all but impossible. No sooner does a man begin to qualify himself to serve and adequately safeguard the interests of his country in the large capitals of the world, than he is replaced by some one else. This is an undeniable disadvantage to the Republic in her dealings with European powers. Competent men must be trained for this duty if America is ever to have at European courts ministers and charges des affaires who are capable of doing more for the nation they represent than the making of after-dinner speeches and the glorification of other countries than their own.

"One word in reference to the Nicaragua Canal. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 denies to the United States the right, except with the assent of Great Britain, of American control of that waterway when completed. Mr. Clayton deliberately surrendered the Monroe doctrine when agreeing to the terms of that treaty. Article II. says: 'Vessels of Great Britain traversing the said canal shall, in case of war between the contracting parties, be exempted from blockade, detention or capture by the United States, and this provision shall extend to such distance from the two ends of the said canal as may hereafter be found expedient to establish.' Under Article XIII. power is given to the contracting parties to withdraw their assent to some of the stipulations of this extraordinary document, and it is to be hoped that American lawyers will try and extricate their country out of the meshes in which this treaty entangles the great project of the Nicaragua Canal. It will be observed from recent events that a British shipping company is at present engaged in an endeavor to purchase railway and steamboat privileges in Nicaragua, which will enable English interests to compete with American in more ways than one, in connection with this great undertaking, which the story of the cruise of the Oregon now renders a speedy undertaking on the part of the United States.

"ABOVE EVERYTHING IN YOUR PROGRAMME, BUILD YOUR NAVY EQUAL TO THAT OF ANY OTHER POWER ON EARTH. Already your Deweys, Sampsons, Hobsons and others challenge envy and admiration of those who claim the lordship of the seas for the bravery and skill they have exhibited. Your nation springs from the pick of European manhood. See to it that your navy will stand second to no other in the world in strength and equipment, and the Republic will then need neither self-seeking allies nor fear the advent of improbable, but still possible, alliances against her."

Mr. Davitt was also struck with the West Indies paragraph. But his sympathies were with the American claim. He had no doubt the consolidation of the Southern republics with the American Republic would strengthen the prosperity of these opulent States, and that Hawaii, with the West Indies, would take a "jump" in prosperity if under the skilful enterprise of American capitalists. In short, Michael Davitt approves the entire programme.

Michael Davitt receives the Journal's explanation of the National Policy in a spirit very different from that of Henry M. Stanley and Sir Charles Dilke. He welcomes it with the warmest sympathy, and dwells upon the manifold benefits it promises to America and to the world.

Mr. Davitt touches upon a real want when he speaks of our lack of trained diplomats. Thus far we have not suffered much from that cause. We have been outwitted at a few points, notably in the matter of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but our desires have been few and simple, and as a rule our "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," with native cleverness to guide it and the old gun in the background, has served our turn very well. But we are entering upon more complicated relations now, and we need public servants as well trained as those of other nations.

Mr. Davitt applauds every item of the National Policy, and he sees, what some Americans have not seen, that it is not a policy of narrow selfishness, but one from which the whole world will reap benefits. The extension of American power means the advancement of enlightenment and human kindness everywhere.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

MR. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM'S interesting discovery that the excellence of the American marksmanship at Manila was due to the fact that gunners had been lured from the British-China squadron at higher pay than Commodore Dewey received, has come to grief through the report of Captain Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, that there are only eight British subjects on Dewey's squadron, of whom not one has anything to do with pointing a gun. If Dewey allowed any British gunners aboard his ships he would not be paying them \$500 a month. He would be charging them tuition as apprentices.

THE GUGGENHEIMER ANTI-SWEARING ordinance is all right. There are lots of foul-mouthed blackguards in New York who should be jailed for their offences on the street and in the cars against decent cars.

But the ordinance ought to be enforced with discretion. All swearing is bad, of course, but there are times—

For instance, suppose yourself to be a member of the Seventy-first Regiment. You are brought home with a Spanish bullet burning in you somewhere, and the first thing you read on your arrival is the statement in the New York World that your officers showed the white feather and other regiments passing through your lines cursed you all for cowardice. Under those circumstances do you honestly think you would adequately express your feelings by exclaiming, "God bless Mr. Pulitzer?"

A WASTED CHINAMAN—the one in California who rather than be arrested for murder blew up the powder works in which he was employed, taking all hands along with him and shaking the country for twenty miles around. With a rowboat and a cargo of dynamite a spirit like that could deal unassisted with Camara.

The Journal's Programme:

1. The Nicaragua Canal.
2. Hawaiian Annexation (accomplished).
3. A Mighty Navy.
4. Naval Bases in the West Indies.
5. Big National Universities.

NEWS OF ONE DAY SEEN THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES.

The Seneca sailed into New York harbor yesterday after a voyage that makes the story of the cruise of a slave ship seem mild and uneventful. There were 100 wounded men on board of her. These men were not Spanish prisoners caught in the act of murdering the wounded. They were not criminals—they were not even plain citizens of this great country of ours.

They were soldiers—American soldiers who have offered their lives in the service of their flag. And the country which they have served with a devotion and gallantry which stirs the most sluggish blood in the veins of him who but reads of it sent them home in a floating pest house, without medicine, without doctors, without nurses, without decent food, without even water enough to drink.

Who is to blame for this shameful thing? In all probability some kind hearted person whose friends find delight in saying that he "wouldn't hurt a fly."

The man who "wouldn't hurt a fly" is a most unpleasantly unreliable person.

He hasn't virility enough to hate his enemies, and he thinks a man who believes in the punishment of deliberate evil-doers is a cruel barbarian. He usually belongs to half a dozen societies of prevention of something or other that do not prevent, and he is so busy telling the world how good he and every one else in it is that he has no time to attend to any little thing like common humanity.

There's another "good natured creature" in the news to-day. Frank Wines was sent to jail some six months ago for abusing his wife and threatening her with death. When the time for the expiration of his sentence drew near Mrs. Wines took her son and went away and hid because she was afraid.

Mr. Wines went hunting for his wife. At first no one would tell him where she was. Then a kind hearted woman felt sorry for him and told him where to find the frightened creature who was hiding, and Mr. Wines followed the fashion of his

kind and sought out his wife and took a knife and did his very best to kill her.

He is in prison again. His wife will probably die. The woman who sent the murderer to his victim is shocked.

She said she knew all about the Wines family, and Mr. Wines' somewhat unreasonable disposition was nothing new to her. But, she declares, "He did look so pitiful and lonesome, I couldn't refuse to tell him where his wife was." And all that woman's neighbors say she is a "dear, good soul, who wouldn't hurt a fly."

Warden Sage, of Sing Sing, is overwhelmed by petitions from persons who want to see Martin Thorpe executed.

Mr. Sage is much disturbed by the fact that many of these petitions come from women and that he is compelled by an unfeeling and ungallant law to refuse the favor which these ladies beg with much pathos and not a little insistence.

Of course, I have not seen any of the women who are moving heaven and earth to see a man executed, but I am not afraid to warrant that the majority of them are staid, respectable persons, who haven't the faintest idea of any cruel joy in the sight of suffering.

They do not want to see Thorpe die. They want to say they've seen it.

I once went into the mountains of the Sierras. We climbed and climbed for days. We rolled down steep precipices, we clambered up the walls of awful chasms, we saw the yellow August moon rise and hide above the singing pines; we listened to the pellucid stream that tinkles down the Bridal Falls. We watched the splendid rush of the waters the geography calls the highest fall in the world. We breathed the aromatic air of the splendid heights, and a nice woman who was with us drew a deep breath, "Well," she said, "now I can say I've seen the Yosemite"—and she goes on saying it to this day.

That's the sort of woman who goes to see men executed.

WINIFRED BLACK.

NEWS OF OUR HIGHEST CIRCLES—BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

It seems to be inevitable that the foreign recipients of the generous hospitality of society of New York, Newport and other cities of the East, should proceed to criticize and ridicule as soon as ever they return home those who have entertained them so lavishly.

Prince Albert of Belgium is no exception to the rule, and his comments on society here in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Newport, Boston and other places which he visited during his four months' stay in the United States, are exciting no end of indignation among our elite.

He has publicly expressed himself since his arrival in Belgium as delighted with that "plebeian society of Newport and New York, so brutal in its character and yet so violently full of life." He describes the newspaper profession as "abominable," and as "insupportable," and in his enumeration of the things and people that have met with his particular approval places the colored servants first and the American women last, which is, to say the least, uncomplimentary.

Were it not for the fact that King Leopold is a full-fledged King, and that with the exception of Dom Pedro of Brazil and the late King of the Sandwich Islands no crowned head has ever visited the United States, it is probable that Prince Albert's uncle, Leopold of Belgium, might suffer socially when he visits the United States, a few months hence, from the indiscreet and altogether uncomplimentary comments of his odd-looking nephew and heir, Prince Albert.

A Royal eum Drexel Combine.

I understand that when King Leopold does come to this country he will do so under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, who have recently sold him their yacht, and it is probably on account of the social use to which they intend to put him later on in this country that they have maintained

such a discreet silence about the visit which he recently paid to them at the country seat which they have leased near Salisbury in England.

King Leopold has always been on the lookout for financial backers to whom he was ready to accord the prestige of his royal favor in return for the investment of cash in his Congo scheme and other enterprises equally unfortunate which have swallowed up his once large fortune.

In Europe he has had in turn as financial backers M. Lambert, the head of the house of the Rothschilds at Brussels, the late Sir William McKinnon, and "Colonel" North, the "Nitrate King," a man of the most appalling vulgarity, who nevertheless was always treated with royal honors whenever he became the guest of the King at Brussels, and who could rely on the presence of His Majesty at any entertainment in England which he desired him to attend.

North is dead and so is Sir William, while the Rothschilds and other European financiers have closed their doors against His Belgian Majesty, who is now therefore turning his attention to American multimillionaires.

I hear that the Drexels will now give him the financial backing of which he stands in such sore need, and that in return he will assist Mrs. Drexel next winter in the final conquest of Manhattan. This would have been accomplished years ago, if it had not been for a happy or unhappy faculty of telling the truth to other lights in society in that charming, brusque, open-hearted manner which is also a characteristic of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

There were several little wordy duels between Mrs. Drexel and Mrs. Fish last summer which are still going the rounds of dinner tables and afternoon teas. Mrs. Fish seems to have come out the victor and this may have had something to do with the Drexel British campaign.

AN ANTE-MORTEM OBITUARY.

The Sun's Estimate of a Dying Snake of Journalism.

[From the New York Sun.]

Pulitzer is in torture. His anguish is next to intolerable. His infamous slander of the Seventy-first Regiment has offended the public, and the public resentment has taken shape. It is ceasing to buy the World. Newspapers without number report to the Sun office that their sales of the World are dwindling to insignificant proportions. The number of World that one sees in the trains and in public conveyances is conspicuously diminished. We think the Journal has in a great measure replaced the World. We see the Journal and we see other papers, too, where we used to see the World. If such a thing were possible, it even looks as if the World were being effaced. Pulitzer is face to face at last with bitter retribution. A long, a far too long, career of villainy is in process of expiation.

It was indeed a most perverse fate that led Pulitzer, when we were just entered upon our war with Spain, to make a series of infamous attacks upon the moral character of President McKinley. It was a sort of madness that led the doomed wretch to impute to our Chief Magistrate the most shocking and revolting of crimes; and that, too, at a time when our President was facing responsibilities and dangers as grave as any that ever threatened the nation. Was it anything short of madness that made this miserable alien and social outcast assail with his assassin hand the whole Government of the United States in its hour of peril, anxiety and travail?

The public is different to many things. The public is often remiss in its toleration of things that are evil and that demand repression. It yields easily to impositions, and it even loves to be humbugged. Perhaps no one has ever shown, as Pulitzer has, how far a newspaper can go with the public and not awaken it. When it does turn, when it is aroused, it overwhelms, it annihilates.

If the gods have made Pulitzer mad, it is because they mean to destroy him. It is no mere coincidence that he is fared at the moment when his crimes have most exposed him. All his years of wickedness are now to be atoned for. The pain that he has caused to others, the lives that he has ruined, the murders that he has had done, the whole ghastly category of his cruelty and the crime that were the foundation of his wealth, must now have full retribution. From the grave and the madhouse alike comes the fateful invocation to punish Pulitzer.

His life blood is his money. The money he has so infamously made. Since Hearst came out of the West this money of Pulitzer's has been running away. His resources are shrunken like his paper. The tide of wealth is set away from him, and forever away from him. The merchants are averting their faces from the blackmailer, the traitorous alien who would destroy the country that gives him shelter. It is the beginning of the end, Pulitzer. It is vain to try to avert your doom. It will not do to raise those horrible hands to Heaven. The blood of Slayback is on them. They will attract the lightning before they will bring down pardon.

Pulitzer, it is the retribution.

JUSTICE TO THE JOURNAL.

[Hartford Daily Times.]

In justice to the New York Journal, it should be stated that the truth about the alleged butchery and mutilation of Spanish prisoners left in the hands of the Cubans was first published by the Journal. That paper got the news first. The World called it a "fake," but it turned out to be early and genuine news.

Hymn of the Santiago Spaniards. We're going home, we're going home, We're going home, manana, And that is where we've got the bulge On the daises in Havana.

We're going home, we're going home To tell the folks the story Of how we scoffed at and defied And bowed before Old Glory.

We're going home, no more to roam Through lands the Yanks are after, And you can bet we'll shun the beat Patrolled by big Bill Shafter.

Viva Toral! We're going home, To give up war and folly— We're going home and glad to get The chance to go, by golly.

—Cleveland Leader.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Laura—Fudge! I'm not afraid to go to the seneschal. There isn't the slightest danger that the Spaniards will put in an appearance at any of the resorts this summer. Edith—Why are you so positive about it? Laura—How could they hope to visit any of those places without getting into engagements? And engagements, you know, and the very thing they are trying to avoid.

—Cleveland Leader.

Reclamation of Public Lands. There are 3,000,000 unemployed wage earners in the nation to-day. Every decade sees their number increasing. What is to become of them? What is to become of the nation when they have increased tenfold? The remedy is simple. It needs only that the people who are overcrowding the cities and starving there while they hunt for work where there is none shall be given a chance to get land to till and taught to till it so that each man as the reward of his own toil on his own land shall get his food direct from nature's granary.—National Advocate.

A Real Newspaper Man.

[New York Telegraph.]

Yesterday's Journal showed that Mr. W. R. Hearst is a worker as well as a newspaper proprietor. He is now his own reporter. Landing at the front yesterday he interviewed Sampson, Shafter and Garcia on the probabilities at Santiago, and wired a special story over his own signature.

Unappreciative.

"I understand that our friend now rejoices in the title of 'colonel.'" "Yes," replied Major Mott, rather disparagingly. "But he had to go to war to get it."—Washington Star.

Illustrated Editorials.

It has remained for the New York Journal to introduce pictorial illustrations in its editorials.—Westfield (N. J.) Standard.

RATHER INCOMPETENT.

Hixon—Spain's navy doesn't seem to be second to none in this. Dixon—No, I don't believe the Spanish gunners could shell peas.